VOLUME X. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887. NUMBER 244.

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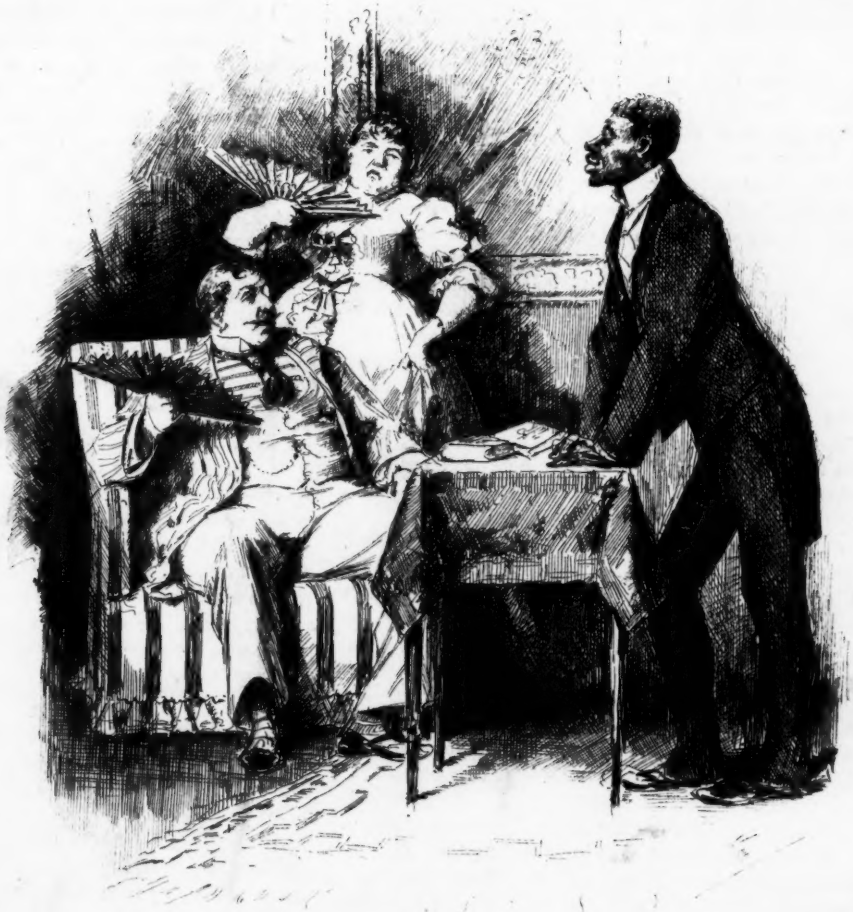

UNINTENTIONAL.

Mr. Puffer (*who has recently "struck it rich"*): PETE, I AM GOING TO GET YOU A COACHMAN'S LIVERY; WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

Pete (*who has been "hired man" for years*): YES, SAH, I WOULD LIKE IT VERY MUCH, SAH. IT WOULD DISTINGUISH ME FROM DE REST OF DE FAMBLY, SAH.

"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. X. SEPTEMBER 1, 1887. No. 244.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

OUR old friend Henry George went up to Syracuse some ten days ago, and embarked again upon the stormy sea of politics. It was city politics last time; now he tempts the waters of the State. If Mr. George is successful in his aspirations this fall, he will be chosen Secretary of State. But his prospects are gloomy, for since he has broken with the Socialists he has two great classes of the commuuity to fight, the class that owns the land, and the class that doesn't. The possibility that Mr. George will get a tithe of the vote that he had when he ran for mayor, is not disturbing anyone's rest. But to have a convention and down adversaries is a pretty advertisement for his newspaper, and doubtless Mr. George appreciates that there is a possibility that Mr. George's gradual achievements in the direction of financial success may lead him to appreciate the existing regulations for the protection of property. He begins to present the sad spectacle of a man who uses one foot to kick the other out from under him.

* * *

IT was a mean trick that Lipski, the London murderer, played on Editor Stead. After Stead had broken his word, and committed his journal to demonstrate Lipski's innocence, the unscrupulous convict meanly confessed his guilt, and went off and was hanged as he deserved. The man was a double criminal, for he not only killed a woman, but slaughtered Stead's confidence in human nature, which was badly maimed about two years ago. It is likely, too, that he has struck a hard blow to human nature's confidence in Stead, which has also been halting for some time past.

* * *

LIFE notes with pleasure that a list of the 100 best American newspapers, submitted by the New York *Sun*, includes our neighbors the *World* and the *Times*. Mr. Jones may be venal and Mr. Pulitzer vulgar, in the *Sun's* estimation, but newspapers are newspapers, and it can recognize the standing of the *Times* and the *World* in spite of their proprietors. But what of the *Star?* Are there a hundred better newspapers in the country than your *Star*, Mr. Dorsheimer?

THE annual threat of a new-fashioned dress-coat for men is abroad. The garment with which we are threatened this year is a bob-tailed, black smoking-jacket, which might do for a boy of twelve to wear to dancing school.

It is evidence of the strength of the masculine mind that neither dudes nor tailors can drive the clawhammer coat to the wall. It is a convenient garment, and most adult men in easy circumstances own one. No man of sense wants anything materially different.

* * *

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX writes to a newspaper from Shelter Island to say that she thinks the American fashion of bathing is improper. Considering the scarcity of raiment on both men and women it seems to her that they confabulate more than accords with strict decorum. This is the same Ella Wheeler that came out of the wild west famous as the authoress of "Poems of Passion." LIFE is pretty sure she is not a prude, and if she thinks the bathing at Shelter Island is not nice, we are disposed to agree with her. Still if Mrs. Wilcox cares for British precedents there is something to be said. The high English go lightly clad when there is less excuse than bathing offers; as witness, a late number of the *London Court Journal*, which says:

> The attendance of the fair sex on Friday was scarce, it being rather impossible to do Goodwood in a mackintosh and umbrella, which were the only garments that the weather made possible.

* * *

AND, by the way, mark the freedom with which the women of our time write to the newspapers. Mrs. Wilcox does, of course. She is a literary person. But the women of fashion and of society and the great world do the same thing, and sell their views and their gossip, signed with their names, to any respectable journal that wants them. It is quite the fashion to abuse newspapers for invading the sanctity of the home; but it works the other way, too, and people who believe in the retirement of their homes are getting very free in their invasion of the newspapers.

* * *

THE squad of judges of the General Term who include Ithaca in their diocese have given a decision in the suit of Professor Fiske to break his wife's will. The decision is in the Professor's favor, which will be a disappointment to many people who believe that Mr. Fiske, if reduced to a condition necessitating labor, would make the most successful book-agent in the world.

* * *

THERE is a man in Buffalo who has a horse named "Mugwump." He says he gave him that name because he interferes. But Higgins is still there!

AUGUST.

THE statistics of the month show that hydrophobia, cholera morbus and sun-stroke are on the wane as fashionable maladies, but the summer girl has broken out with increased virulence.

* * *

THE political atmosphere has varied according to locality. The presidential mercury reached fever-heat in the neighborhood of John Sherman, but in Mr. Blaine's vicinity it has been slightly cool.

* * *

THE relations between the United States and Canada continued to be more or less strained, especially while Admiral Luce and Secretary Whitney remained on different sides of the border.

* * *

ANOTHER young Napoleon of Finance has met his Waterloo, and the most depressing humidity continues to obtain in the immediate vicinity of Jay Gould.

AN ODE TO AUTUMN.

HAIL to Autumn.
Ante Mortem.
Season of the year.
The mortal doomèd
To weather humid
Is glad you're here.
For:
You doubtless will dispel at once this atmospheric damp
That's turned full many a righteous man into a fiendish scamp;
You'll change the little bullet green into an apple ripe
That little ones may have their fruit without the deadly gripe.
Send back to school the boys and girls, instil their minds with knowledge,
And corral up those budding things who have just entered college;
Cool off the sun a few degrees; calm down the lightning's stroke;
Turn pennies from the man of ice unto the man of coke—
In short, dear Autumn, please take holt,
And head a general revolt
Of those who wish at once to bolt
From Summer's yoke;
And deign a kingly crown t'accept,
Oh, Sept.

* * *

WALT WHITMAN'S injuries are not serious, although he was badly Swinburnt.

* * *

JOHN is going in for "der Sherman" vote.
This style of humor may be had in quantities, as wanted.

* * *

IF Britannia rules the waves we have a good *casus belli* against her for sending us this all too prevalent hot one.

* * *

BEN BUTLER has come out for Blaine.
This is the hardest blow the plumed knight has yet received.

* * *

IT is very queer, but since Sharp has been in jail the *Sun* and *World* have dropped the expression, "Turn the rascals out."

* * *

WE cannot resist the temptation to say that the Indian trouble in the West is what we should Colorow of very little importance.

* * *

"WHAT superb colors there are in that stained-glass window," said Mrs. Spriggins. "That must be what they call an Oriole window."

THE MODERN CASHIER BALANCING HIS BOOKS.

RICHARD BEAN, of Boston, has fallen heir to a large estate in Texas.
These Boston Beans always were in luck.

* * *

THE critic who said "this rare little volume is well done," may have known what he was talking about, but we don't believe he knows what he said.

* * *

A MAN named Dance is warmly recommended for Postmaster of a Maryland town.
The President should take means to discover whether this candidate is addicted to Polka before he appoints him.

* * *

AT LONG BEACH.

DUMLEY: I tell you, Topper, blood is thicker than water.
TOPPER: That's true enough, but if you will tell me anything that's thicker than the mosquitoes here, I'll pay your bill.

* * *

A SONG OF THE SEA.

By Barry Cornwall and Another.

I NEVER was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more;
And ne'er on the steamer's deck I stand,
But that I'd give my boots for land.

* * *

WHEN the Emperor of Germany passed through Babelsburgh last week the streets were hung with garlands, in his honor.
We wish the Emperor might be induced to pass through Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet.

* * *

HENRY GEORGE is running now for Secretary of State.
Henry's craze for office seems to be as great as his craze for riches.
We predict that he will be knocked so silly that even McGlynn will not recognize him.

* * *

MME. MODJESKA will probably play *Juliet* the coming season. A year or two ago she said she would not play that part again until she was a grandmother. She has lately acquired that qualification, and will therefore be able to gratify her ambition and make a grandame act as a love-sick girl.
The charming Countess should engage Dr. Mary Walker for *Romeo*.

RELIGION AS SHE IS KNOWN.

Teacher: CAN ANYONE HELP JOHNNY TO FINISH THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT?

Small Boy: YETH'M. AND THE LORD BLETHED THE THATURDAY AND MADE IT A HOLIDAY.

THREE DOLLARS WILL SEND A CHILD TO THE COUNTRY FOR TWO WEEKS.

SEPTEMBER is here and so are thousands of poor children whose vacations are yet unprovided for. A fraction over one hundred and eighty-three of them have been made happy by the generosity of our readers, and we hope that before we close our subscription list for the year, twice and thrice that number may have been given their share of good country air. A great many people have asked, "Is there not some joke about LIFE's Fresh Air Fund?"

There is. It is the best, most humane joke of the season, if a joke consists in something said or done for the sake of exciting laughter. If our readers could hear the merry laughter which their contributions have evoked from the happy little ones who have been bettered in health and spirits by means of the dollars which have been sent them through us, they, too, would smile and say that this is the merriest, most gladdening jest that has ever appeared in LIFE's pages.

And, dear readers, there are countless more peals of merry childish laughter which a very few of our spare dollars will serve to bring forth, but which may never come if we put off until to-morrow what we should do to-day.

We acknowledge with our best thanks the following contributions:

Previously Acknowledged	$425.00
Anonymous	14.00
C. C. F. H.	36.00
R. H. W.	6.00
V. B. Adams	2.50
E. V. R.	2.00
Miss H. L. Varnum	12.00
Mrs. M. G. Thaxter	3.00
T. G. T.	3.00
Dan	5.00
Ross	3.00
G. E. Throop	3.50
G. I.	3.00
Toodles	6.00
"Nell & I"	6.00
H. S. G.	12.00
B. K.	3.00
K. J.	2.50
Thobe	2.50
	$550.00

Are all the returns in?

FACT AND FANCY.

"BLOW, BLOW, BLOW!"

OUR English cousins call us "Amurrican,"
As if we Yankees rhymed with hurricane;
On which, perhaps, is based the notion
Of friend and foe across the ocean,
That in the arts the Yankees' showing
Is much the best in the art of blowing.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales will celebrate their silver wedding next year. The Queen has decided to give them a specially designed sixpence on the occasion if she lives.

RAPID TRANSIT.

PASSENGER: Conductor, where do we stop for lunch?
CONDUCTOR: Nowhere, sir; but if you like, you can walk to the next station, and we'll be there by the time you're done.

THE man who wrote, "There is beauty in extreme old age," was probably never the impecunious heir of a rich grandfather.

WHERE IS THE FOREST OF ARDEN?

I FIND myself unwillingly drawn into a Shakespearean controversy.

A correspondent chides me because of my ignorance in placing the Forest of Arden in "leafy Warwickshire." I regret if I have caused any person inconvenience in thus seeming to mislay a few trees and brooks, but I cannot admit that I am very far out of the way geographically speaking. My esteemed friend, the late Lord Byron, it is true, asserted that Rosalind roamed through the leafy passes of the Forest of Soignies in Belgium, and I never ventured to contradict him to his face, although from my knowledge of the habit of William Shakespeare—who, by the way, I am certain, had no hand in the authorship of Bacon's essays—of laying the scenes of his plays in his native shire, when he could do so, I had fully made up my mind that the Forest of Arden had its being within a few miles of Stratford-on-Avon. It certainly is true that at the time William Shakespeare lived there was a Forest of Arden in Warwickshire, although there is now no trace of it, owing to the fact that England is a progressive nation. Trees have frequently to give way to commerce, brooks are made to earn the right to babble by turning the wheels of manufacture, mossy banks are transformed to branches of the Bank of England, and the spirit Jacques, were it to become an exile to-day, and seek anew the forests wherein in the flesh it rusticated in the days of the Duke Frederick, would, I fear, suffer such a relapse of melancholia at the unhappy transformation as all the powers of science would be powerless to cure.

There are, indeed, many reasons for thinking that Shakespeare's Arden is the Forest of Ardennes, in French Flanders, but there is also room for thinking that England's bard had in mind the scenes with which he was familiar from his boyhood days when he penned "As You Like It," as the belief of many Shakespearean scholars and the whole spirit of the comedy which is distinctly English and neither French nor Flanderous attest. It is possible that Byron was sincere in his belief as to the identity of the Forest of Ardennes, and it is likewise possible that the noble lord, who was fond of good company, liked to believe that he and Shakespeare struck a common chord when the Bard of Avon sang of Arden's Wood, and the poetic peer wrote the lines:

> "And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
> Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they pass."

After all, it is more or less absurd in these days, when the issues between parties are at so low an ebb that a presidential campaign might be based on the question, Was it the Lady or the Tiger? to seriously discuss any debatable point whatsoever. As regards the great question of the age which Mr. Stockton has propounded, every man of intelligence, with the possible exception of Mr. Stockton himself, has an opinion, and the American public have resolved themselves into Ladies and Tigers—but so set are both parties that centuries of controversy will not settle the disputed point. For my part I have a decided leaning towards the Ladies, but I have no desire to quarrel with any disputatious Tiger,

because he and I lean in different directions. If I choose to believe that Shakespeare's Arden is located in Central Africa, where we may presume there are palmettos and starving lionesses—such as the poet mentions as being in his forest, although they cannot be found either in French Flanders or in Warwickshire—I have grounds on which to base my opinion. The correspondent may pity, but he has no right to call me an ignoramus. If, again, it pleases me to think that Avon's bard had reference to Brooklyn's cemetery when he wrote "Under the Greenwood Tree," a legion of correspondents may think I am entering my second childhood and put me in the same boat with my esteemed contemporary, Ignatius Donnelly; but the Declaration of Independence gives me the right to my own opinions, which, after all, are merely opinions and nothing else.

The question as to whether Shakespeare's Arden is in England or Flanders becomes, therefore, very much like a barn door. There are, and always will be, two sides to it, and youthful experience has taught me that it is less dangerous to take one side or the other of a barn door than to try to straddle it.

My theory has this additional advantage:

It makes Shakespeare's Arden English, you know.

J. K. Bangs.

"CAN you recommend for me a good home course of Botany," asks a correspondent.

Yes, the flour barrel.

THE IMPOSSIBLE SHE.

UBIQUITOUS, amusing She,
Whose story here is written
In fascinating style for me
By some eccentric Briton:
At first I rather took to you,
But now my brain is staggered
To find that on a closer view
You look so old and haggard.

What countless conquests you have made
Among the minds that grovel
In fabled lands where plots are laid
For every railway novel:
The haggard rider makes his eyes
A victim to the cinder,
To find that Rider Haggard lies,
And that you're only tinder.

Idle Idyller.

A CORRECT DIAGNOSIS.

YOUNG physician (to patient): Your dyspepsia comes, I think, sir, from too high living. You are a very high liver, are you not?

PATIENT: Yes, sir; I live on the top floor of a New York flat.

SCANDAL doesn't travel on through trains. It takes the way accommodation which stops at all stations.

SCRAPS.

IF you must do as the Romans do when you are in Rome, you should do as the Milliners do when you are in Milan.

* * *

EVERY dog has his day in this country, but in England every Knight has his dog.

* * *

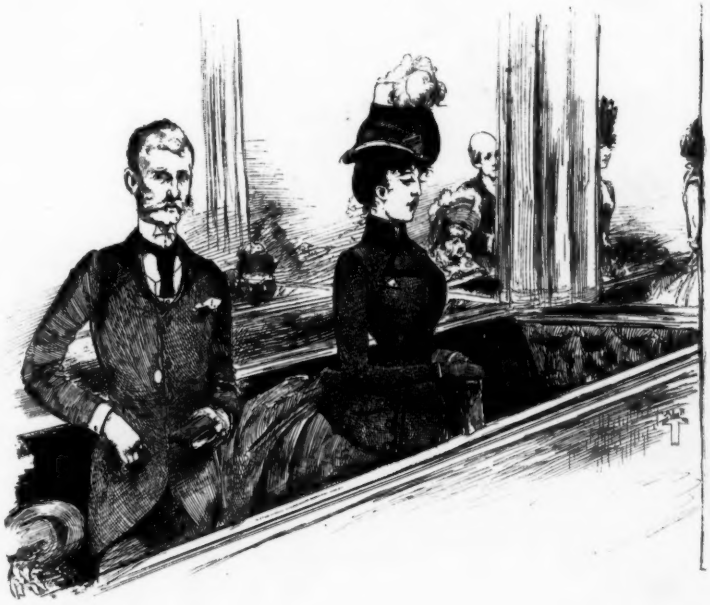
THE Queen likes the sentiment in "Sweets to the sweet," especially when it is carried as far as "Sovereigns to the Sovereign."

* * *

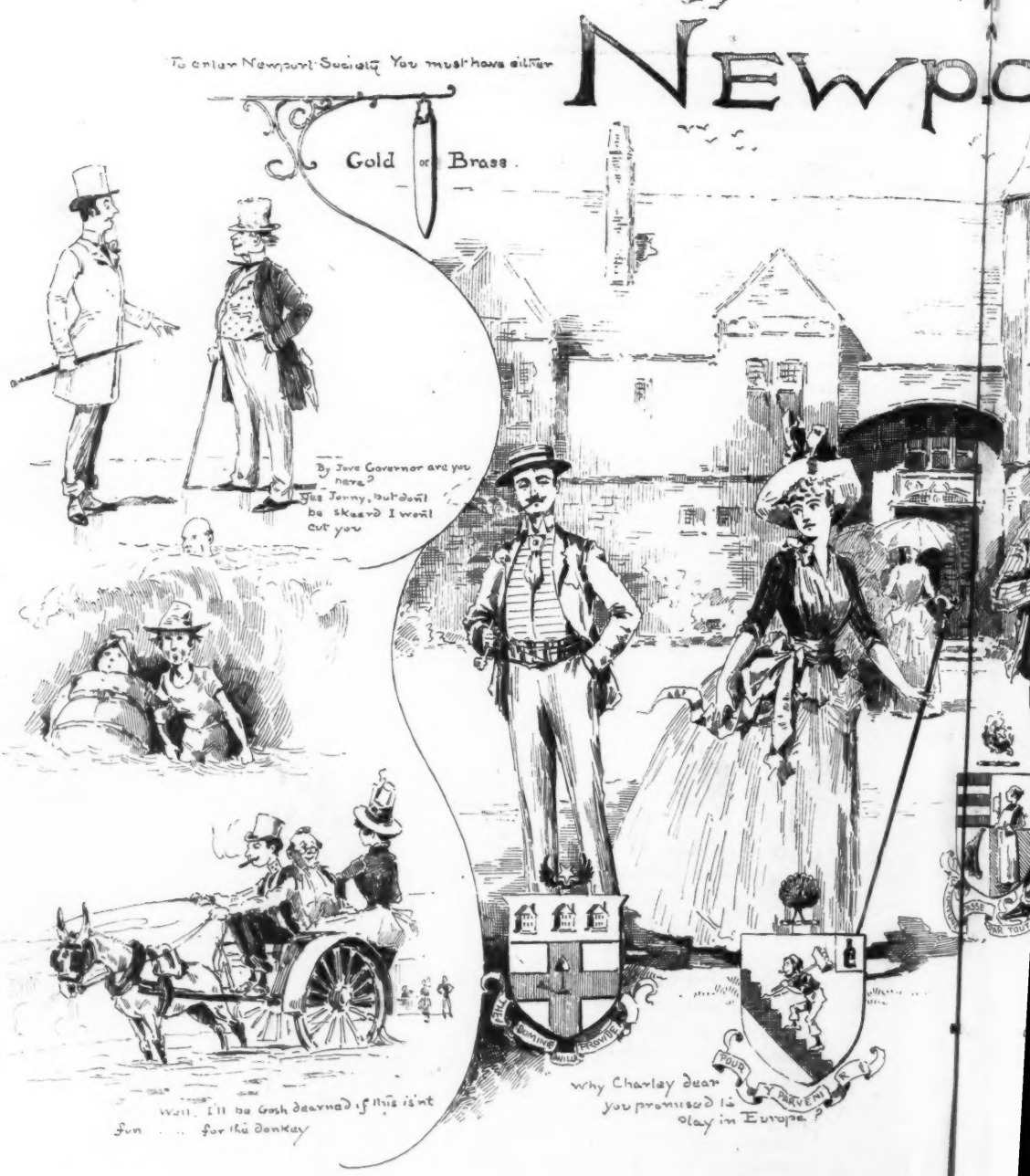
MR. PARNELL has discovered that Delirium Tremens and *Daily Times* have the same initials, and he don't know which he likes best.

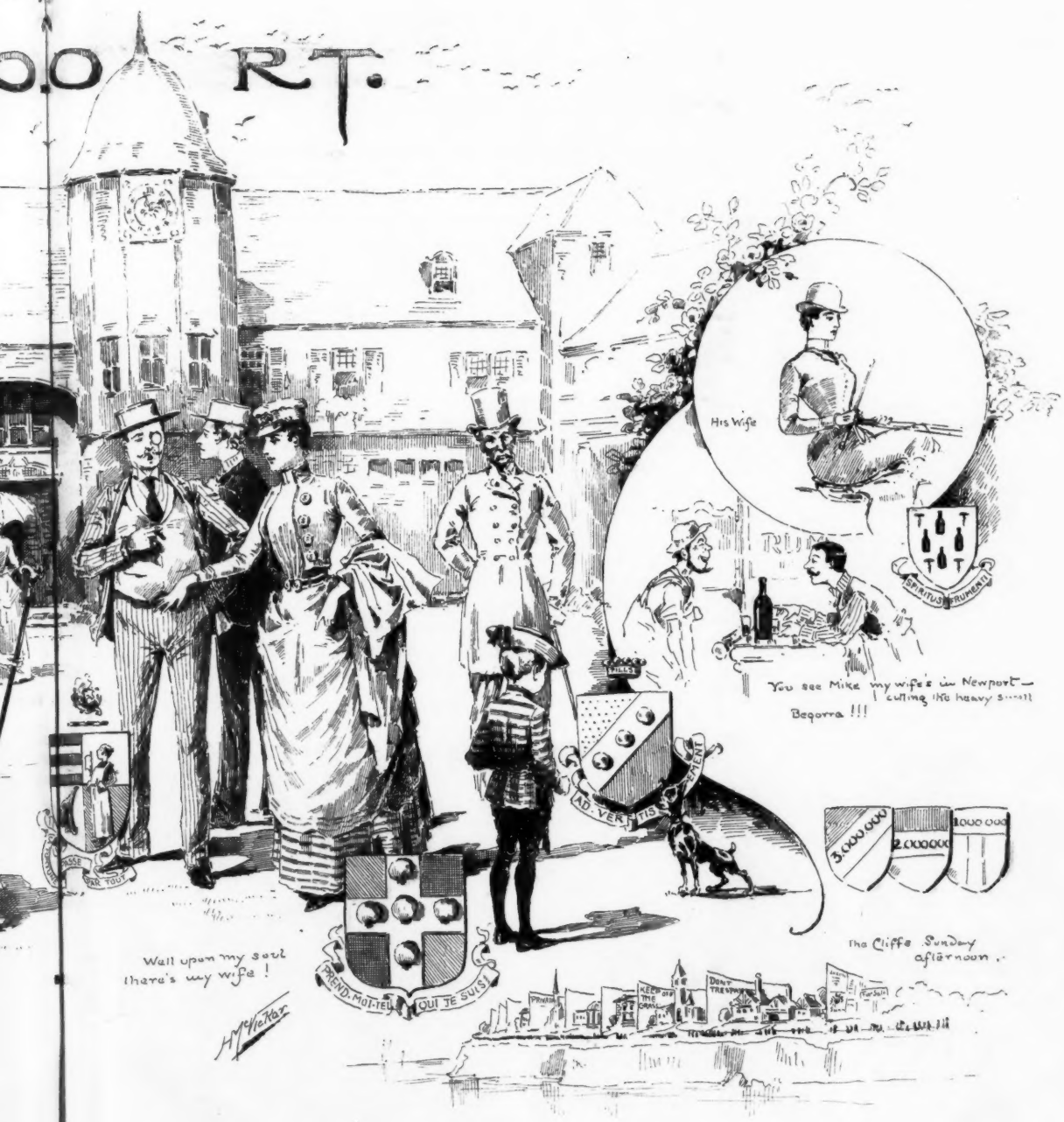
* * *

IN predicting the weather a day ahead, the Signal Service often renders the country a signal service. This kind of humor goes with the *Sun's* cholera mixture.



Mrs. F—— (*in a whisper*): WHAT'S THE MATTER?
Mr. F—— (*who sees the contribution box coming*): IF WE ARE TO ECONOMIZE THIS SUMMER WE MUST STAY AWAY FROM CHURCH.


To enter Newport Society You must have either
Gold or Brass.
NEWPO
By Jove Governor are you here?
Yes Jonny, but don't be skeerd I won't cut you
Well. I'll be Gosh dearned if this isn't fun . . . for the donkey
DOMINE
WILL
PROVIDE
POUR
Y PARVENIR
Why Charley dear you promised to play in Europe?


OO RT.
His Wife
SPIRITUS FRUMENTI
You see Mike my wife's in Newport — cutting the heavy swell
Begorra !!!
PILLS
AD VERTIS EMENT
PASSE PAR TOUT
PREND MOI TEL QUI JE SUIS!
Well upon my soul there's my wife !
The Cliffe Sunday afternoon.
PRIVATE
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
DONT TRESPASS
For Sale

A VISIT TO THE "THISTLE."

IN response to a cordial invitation from the midshipman of the *Thistle*, LIFE'S special Commodore visited the bonny little yacht on Friday last. Everything on board the trim little craft, from the spinnaker-boom sheets to the lee scuppers was as bright and clean as the proverbial button, and the celebrated basket of chips could give no more smiling a welcome to mortal man than LIFE'S Commodore received when he walked up the taffrail and set foot on the starboard hatch. Captain Barr was standing to the left of the halliards as the Commodore arrived, and his face was a perfect picture of happiness as, with a stride towards the galleys, he extended his hand and in pure Scotch remarked:

"Hoo doo you doo?"

The Commodore, not to be outdone in politeness, replied that he was well, and added:

"I see you have arrived, Captain Barr. I suppose you found the sae quite bleaky while crossing?"

"Ay, but ye're a tawpie gowk," replied the Captain.

"Indeed! Well, I've crossed the ocean many times in my life, but I never knew it to be like that. However, the blyther heart of a man whose a man for a' that don't mind the sae when it gets to be tawpie, I suppose? You feel confident that the *Thistle* will hae nae trible in gie'n the *Volunteer* an unco' guid dribbing?" continued the Commodore, adopting the Scotch idiom for the occasion.

"D'ye spowke English?" asked the Captain.

"No, thanks," returned the Commodore at a loss to grasp the Captain's meaning, "I never drink behind the bar—that is, I don't imbowb in the mairning."

"Do ye spowke English, I asked ye."

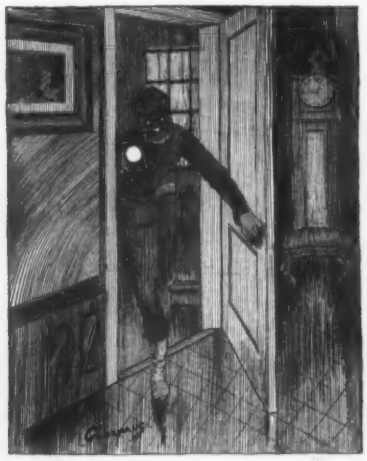
"Oh, speak English! why cert. If there's one language on the earth that I'm a ripper in, it's the lingo *de la Reine*."

"Well, suppose you drop this butter Scotch you've been talking and try the mother tongue for a while," said the Captain, "I find I'm apt to misunderstand people who read Burns's poems and then think they can speak Scotch."

From this point the conversation was bandied in pure Saxon.

Captain Barr politely showed the Commodore all over his vessel and explained such innovations as seemed incomprehensible to the visitor. The *Thistle* is undoubtedly a very superior boat, but it is very evident that in the main she is modeled on the American plan. The wine closet is for'ard of the saloon, as is the case with most American-made vessels, and she is built with very little regard to a water supply. In a cruise it is doubtful if she would prove as fast as the ordinary schooner yacht of American waters, owing to the limited capacity in the wine cellar. Actual measurement shows that not more than three cases of champagne could be crowded into the stowaway without seriously disturbing the ballast, and, as the reader will observe, in case of a protracted calm, greatly endangering the life of the average American yachtsman. There is a noticeable lack of bilges to keep the water from washing over the deck and damaging the provender, which is by no means usual in American boats, and which is an extraordinary defect in an English craft. Captain Barr explains this by saying that when a high sea is imminent he and the crew place the provender where it is susceptible of no damage whatever, and where it cannot be washed overboard without taking a member of the crew with it. Nevertheless, it is a defect that will one day result in famine, which is as incompatible with yachting in its truest sense as is killing trout with torpedo boats with true sport.

However, Captain Barr and the *Thistle's* owners are satisfied with their vessel and are willing to win or lose by their confidence in her. If the *Volunteer* is defeated there will be a revolution in yachting ideas; but LIFE'S Commodore will never be convinced that a ship with so small accommodation for the necessities of yachting life, even though she have a Barr in her captain, is modeled on the lines of the perfect yacht.



"ALL ASLEEP."

"STEP SOFTLY."

"FIRE! MURDER!! THIEVES!!!"

A TRYING MOMENT.

Young Cavalier: I WAS IN HOPES SHE WOULDN'T SEE THAT SIGN. IT ISN'T THE TAKING A GIRL TO A MATINEE THAT'S SO EXPENSIVE, IT'S THE CONFOUNDED TREATS THAT FOLLOW!

PROVERBLETS.

I.

LABOR conquers everything except the walking delegate.

II.

TELL me what you think you eat, and I will tell you what the vendors of adulterated food think you are.

III.

ARROGANCE is next of kin to ignorance.

IV.

IT is always too late to be mendacious.

V.

A FRIEND in need will "bleed" you indeed.

VI.

FINE words butter no parsnips, but are often palatable when spread upon an after-dinner toast.

VII.

ANGLOMANIAC birds of three feathers flock with the Prince of Wales.

VIII.

THE game when prolonged until early morning is not worth the extra gas bill.

G. P. L.

THE CHANGING YEAR.

HER lips were ripened cherries, her hair a fleece of gold,
And everybody told me she owned a million, cold.

So while the leaves were turning beneath the autumn skies,
I watched my dumb devotion reflected in her eyes.

As fast the snow was falling in winter's icy days,
I wasted half my substance in sending her bouquets.

When all the birds were mating and carolling for spring,
I spent what was remaining on an engagement ring.

And now that through the woodland the summer sunbeams slant,
I find the million's owner to be her maiden aunt.

S. St. G. Lawrence.

A NEW ARGUMENT FOR SHAKESPEARE.

THE Omaha *World* advances an entirely new and original theory on the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Says our esteemed contemporary:

Shakespeare's plays are full of vulgarity, evidently put in to please the mob whose pennies helped support the theatre. Would Lord Bacon have written such stuff?

Yet Pope, in his essay on man, writes:

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,"

leaving us in much doubt as to whether Bacon really began life as a Knight of the Brush or a Peer of the Realm. What did Bacon shine, is now the question. If boots, as we strongly suspect from Pope's allusion, the Omaha *World's* theory is as empty as the wind, because boot-blacks, vulgarity and pennies are not an impossible combination.

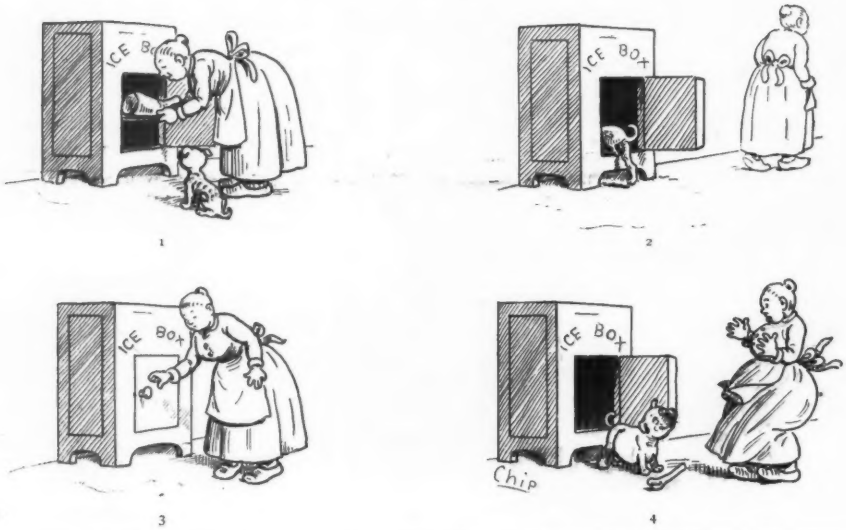
This matter must be settled before the controversy can proceed.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

Pat: MOIKE, TH' TELLS ME AS YEZ HAVE QUIT WORRUKIN' IN THE POWDER FACTORY. WAS IT TOO DANGEROUS?

Mike: DANGEROUS? WELL, BE GOB! I BELAVE IF I HAD WORRUKED THERE TILL NOW I'D A BE'N DEAD A YEAR AGO.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE DOG-DAYS.



LITERARY NOTES.

THE astonishingly erudite literary criticisms of Hon. Eugene Field, of the *Chicago Tribune*, have been brought out in paper covers by Ticknor & Co., of Boston.

We commend the volume, which bears the title "Culture's Garden," to those of our readers who are interested in the Chicago literary movement, and who wish to have opened up for them an altogether novel not to say astounding view of literature.

* * *

THE rumor that Mr. Ryder Haggard—as we believe he is now called—is preparing a bibliography, entitled "Books that have Helped Me," lacks confirmation.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT quoting Tom Moore's well-known lines,

"My only books
Were woman's looks
And folly's all they've taught me,"

wishes to know if such volumes could be called *Edition de Looks*.

We think this query demonstrates the truth of the last line of the quotation.

* * *

A NEW periodical for the Theosophists is to be started.

It will come under the head of Nirv-ana.

THE SUPPLY GREATER THAN THE DEMAND.

"PLEASE, I WUD LIKE T' GIT A JOB O' WORK, SIR."
"ARE YOU A MECHANIC?"
"NAW, SIR; I'M A MECTAVISH FROM CAPE BREETON."

FINANCE.

SOCIAL SCIENCE is discussing, "Are Gold Coins Money?"

It doesn't seem to make much difference whether they are or not. We have yet to see the man who wouldn't chase a gold coin down to—well, to Wall Street, in the hope of getting it.

HENRY JAMES always Howells when he is hurt.

This is a joke that requires thought to be appreciated.

THEY have been having a rain of mud in Iowa. The inhabitants speak of it as a reign of *terra*.

IT is supposed that the expression, "A little Gaul goes a great ways," originated in the times of Napoleon I.

IF a man has a poor head he won't pass—if he has a poor hand that is just what he will do.

IN the bright lexicon of Wall Street, one of the largest words is "Fail."

IT is said that at a late hanging in Louisiana the Governor's special messenger arrived on the scene at the last moment bearing a reprieve, whereupon the fortunate culprit remarked "No noose is good news."

AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

"WHERE shall we go this summer, dear?" asked Mrs. Flyaway.

"Well, let's see," replied her husband, "last winter we got malaria in Florida."

"Yes, and the alligators got your pointer dog."

"And the preceding summer we got the rheumatism in the mountains?"

"We did, and the bears got my little skye terrier."

"And the summer before we went to the seashore and got bled by the mosquitoes and the landlord?"

"Yes."

"And the summer before that we went into the country, and the children were laid up all the summer with ivy poison."

"I remember."

"Well, if I felt as strong as I used to, I'd like first-rate to take a vacation this summer, but I'm feeling kind of weak and listless, and I'm afraid I couldn't stand it. Let's stay at home and rest this year."—*Lewiston Journal.*

CALLER (*to old Mrs. Bently*): The new minister is making himself quite popular, is he not, Mrs. Bently?

OLD MRS. BENTLY: Well, I ain't much sot by him. For the last three Sundays he's prayed for rain, an' there ain't a drop fell yit.—*Puck.*

PONSONBY: Sir, I have come to request the honor of your daughter's hand in marriage.

POMPANO: Impossible! Never will I give my consent.

PONSONBY (*anxiously*): Is your decision final—irrevocable?

POMPANO (*firmly*): It is.

PONSONBY (*much relieved*): Thanks, awfully. Nellie has been pestering me to ask you, and I did it just to oblige her.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"REMEMBER the example of George Washington, my boy," said the careful father.

"Who was George Washington, papa?" queried the hopeful.

"Why he was the man who couldn't tell a lie, of course."

"What was the matter with him—couldn't he talk?"

There was much anxiety in the paternal mind as to the youngster's future.—*New York Mercury.*

COULD DO SOMETHING FOR HER.

"TONGUE cannot tell how much I love you, Miss Clara," he said. "I would do anything in the world for you."

"Would you?" she asked, wearily.

"Try me."

"Well, go and spend the evening with Lily Brown."

"Lily Brown! What for?" he asked, astonished.

"I hate her."—*Sun.*

BOTH GOT CALLS.

TRAGEDIAN: I played Hamlet in Paterson last week and got a call at the end of every act.

MANAGER: I took a company out there week before last and got one call before the first act, but that was enough. It was for the rent.—*Judge.*

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When **PACKER'S TAR SOAP** is the subject before us,
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And we laugh with delight when she lathers it over us.

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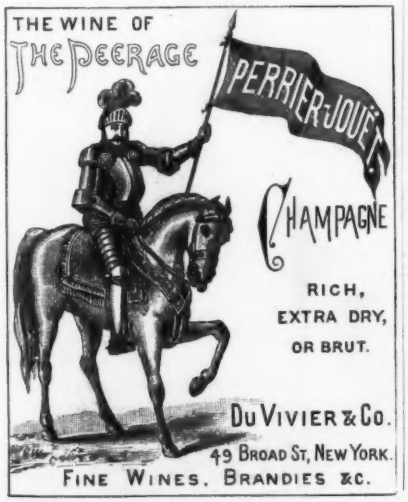

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ST. LOUIS, April 26.

GENTLEMEN: With regard to your Zonweiss, I find that it cleanses the teeth thoroughly, is easy of application, has a delicate and pleasant flavor, leaves no after taste, and is in every way very acceptable

Very respectfully, CHARLES P. JOHNSON.

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"WHAT I dislike about the large hotels is their gregariousness," said Miss Culture.

"Well," replied the Chicago maiden, "these fancy puddings never did agree with me, either."
—*Hotel Gazette.*

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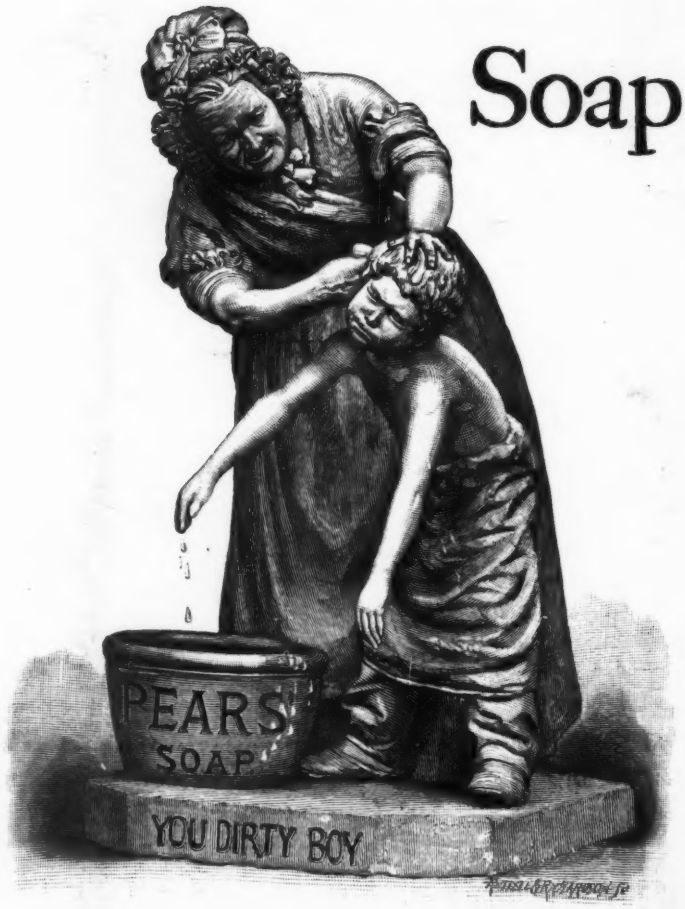

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